

HERGÉ



THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

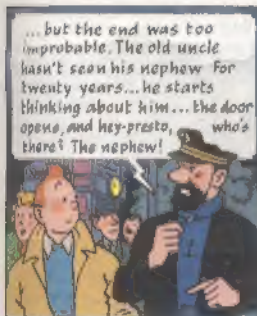
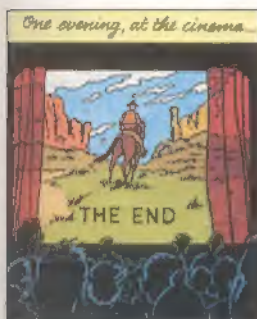
THE RED SEA SHARKS



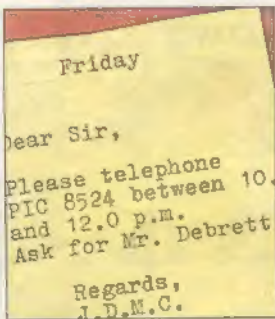
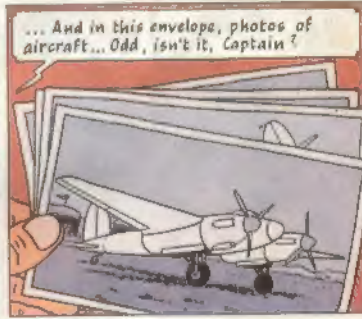
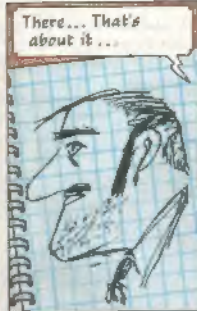
MAGNET



THE RED SEA SHARKS







Can you hear me? ...
What?... You don't know
the name Alcazar?...
What about Ramon
Zarate?... Nor that?...
You see, sir, I found
his wallet and... I beg
your pardon?

I tell you, sir, I am
not Mr. Debrezz! I
don't know your Gen-
eral Alhambra, and
I am not interested
in your story ...
Goodbye!

There's polite-
ness for you!...

Very odd ... They don't know of him
at that number. Too bad... We'd
better be getting home to Marlinspike.

A little later ...

How strange. The
front door's open...

WOOAAAH!.. WOOAAAH!..

Good heavens! My
poor Snowy! Who's done
this to you?!

I'll get to the bottom
of it!

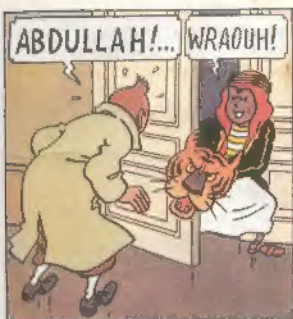
Hey, Captain, what's
happened to you?

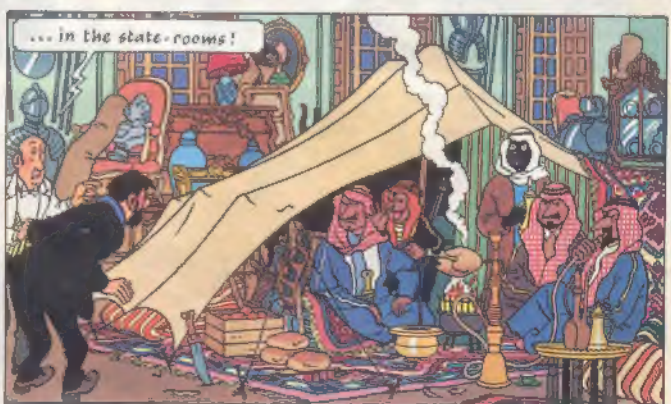
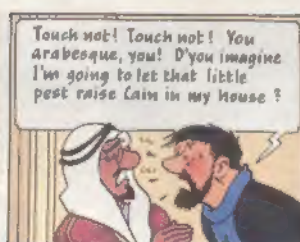
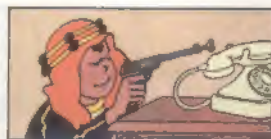
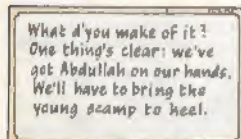
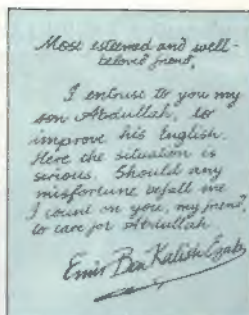
Billions of blue blistering bar-
nacles! Who's the thundering son
of a sea-gherkin who did that?...
Nestor!... Nestor!

HAAAAH!..

RRROAH!..

Th... Eh... Eh...
there behind you!





The next morning...



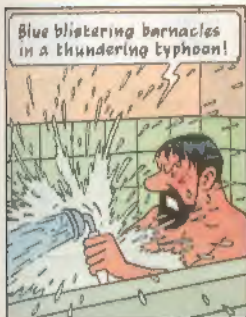
**RRRRING
RRRRING**



HELLO?



Blue blistering barnacles
in a thundering typhoon!



All right... All right!
...I'm coming!



Hello?... Hello?... Who?...
What?... Who d'you want?!

No, Madam, I am not
Mr. Cutts the butcher!



BLUB
BLUB
BLUB
BLUB
SPLOSH



No answer?... I suppose
they're all asleep
still...

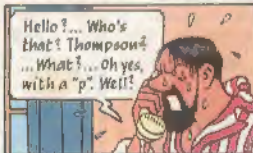
To be precise, I'd
say...



HELLO!



Hello?... Who's
that? Thompson?
...What?... Oh yes,
with a "p". Well?



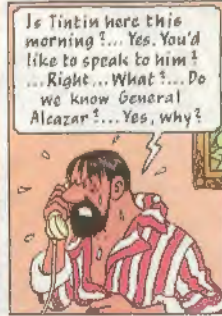
I... I... I'm
not disturbing
you, am I?

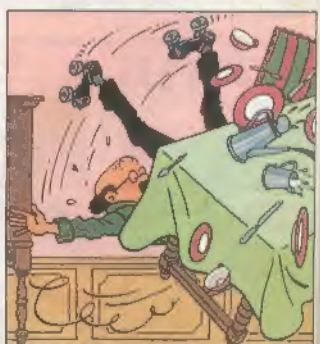
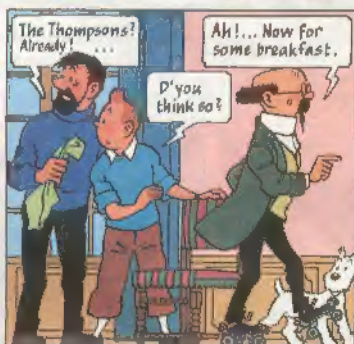
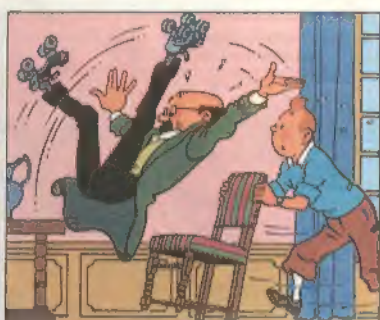
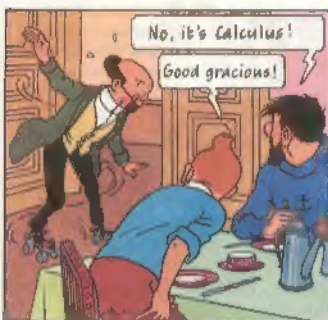


Er... not in the least.
Go on...



Is Tintin here this
morning?... Yes. You'd
like to speak to him?
... Right... What?... Do
we know General
Alcazar?... Yes, why?







You thundering nitwitted numskull you! Haven't you finished acting the goat yet?



Who rang, Nestor?

I found no one the first time, sir. But the second time, I saw Abdullah running away.



RRRING

I bet that's him! But he won't get away with it this time. Nestor, go and bring the hose-pipe!



Now... as soon as he rings, you open the door, and then: pssshht!... We'll get a good laugh!



That's it!... Quick, open up, Nestor!



... I'm dreadfully sorry!... Please forgive me! You see, it's Abdullah's fault. The young repatriation kept ringing the bell...

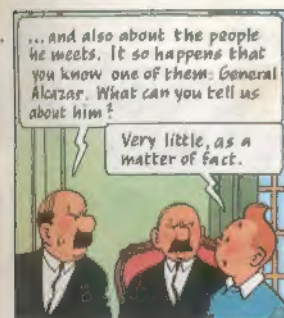


Ha! ha! ha! ha!



A few minutes later...

Well, here's the position. Interpol have asked us to keep an eye on a man called Dawson, and to collect all the information we can about his activities...

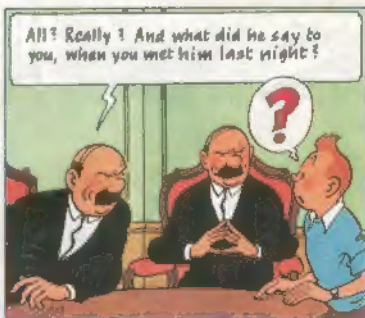


... and also about the people he meets. It so happens that you know one of them: General Alcazar. What can you tell us about him?

Very little, as a matter of fact.



I knew him when he was President of the Republic of San Theodoros. I met him later, in Europe. He'd been deposed by his rival, General Tapioca, and had fled from his country. He'd become a knife-thrower on the music-halls... That's all.



All? Really? And what did he say to you, when you met him last night?

Aha! That surprised you, eh? You forgot, my friend, in our job there's nothing we don't know

To be precise, we know nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him last night. I was going to tell you... He said he was travelling he was in a hurry, and he was staying at the Hotel...er... the Hotel

Excelsior, yes, we know



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't say anything else. But what have you against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean, what do we suspect? My dear fellow, if you imagine we'll tell you he's smuggling aircraft, you're much mistaken. "Mum's the word", that's our motto



Well said!.. To be precise - "Dumb's the word", that's our motto. The general may have come to Europe to buy up old aircraft, but you won't learn that from us! Now we must be going. Goodbye, Timin

Goodbye



Ah! Here comes Nestor with our hats and sticks



What a very peculiar thing my hat has shrunk

How strange. With me it's the opposite, I've got a swollen head..



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You have my hat and I have yours

That's it - our hats are in a huddle. In short we're contrary-w-c



But it still isn't right!

Nor is mine



May I see? You can bet Abdullah's behind this

Abdullah!

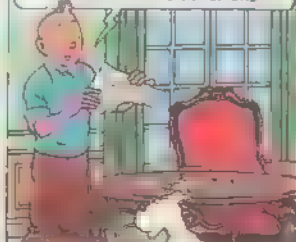


There - I thought as much. It's an old joke: newspapers folded up and slipped into the hand



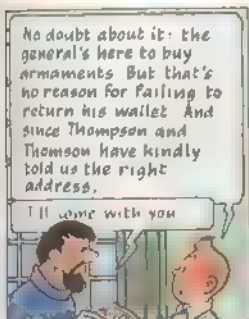
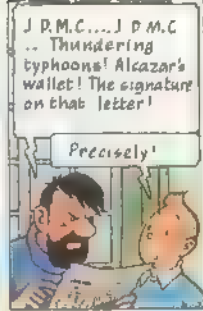
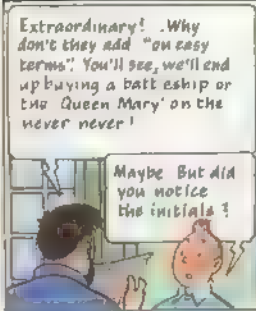
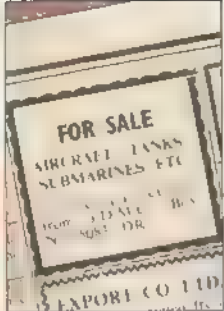
A little later on

Abdullah and his friends



Well, what did our Siamese twins want?





Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.

This is it, driver! Stop!

Oh! A watchman!

How can I get in without being seen? Perhaps... Yes, I know.

We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see.

Aircraft! So we were right.

Careful! Footsteps!

'Morning guv! Seen the 'Reporter' today? No? Well read that.

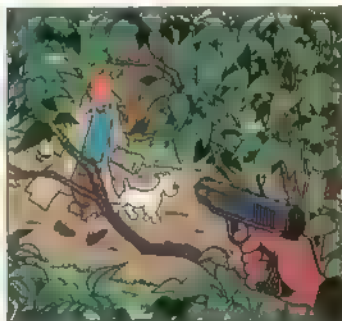
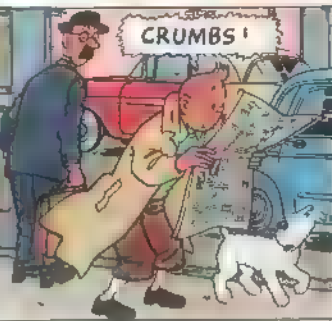
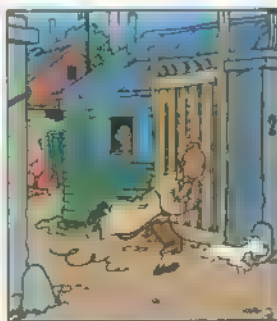
Aha! Bravo! The Mosquitos we sold them did a grand job. Those boys know how to make use of them!

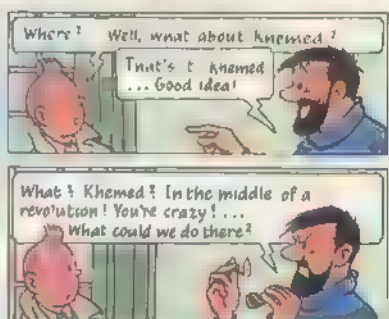
How right you are! Any news from Alcazar?

It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitos there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?

You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me.







A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



RRRING
RRRING

Hello? Who's that?
Oh, it's you General.
What? Oh, your wallet.
You've got it back?



Yes, they bring him back.
This Captain Haddock, who I met yesterday with one of my friends. - Tintin..
Que? Si, Tintin. You know him? - Quel? The telephone call you receive last night?
... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.



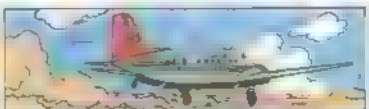
Tintin!.. So he's the one sticking his nose into my business? I'll soon take care of him.



The airport at Waddedah, capital of Khemed, three days later



Here comes the plane from Beirut



You understand? If he's aboard, you put this briefcase in the baggage compartment



I'm not sorry to get here... With these old rates you can never be sure



I say, have you noticed?.. Armed men all over the place.

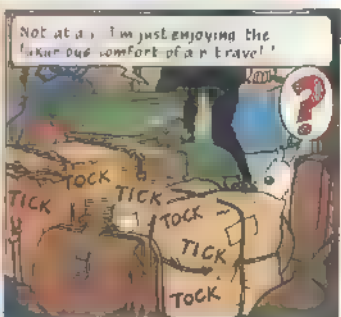
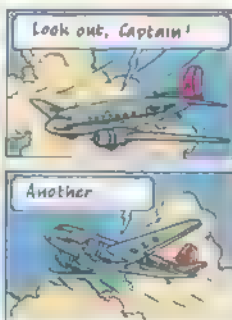
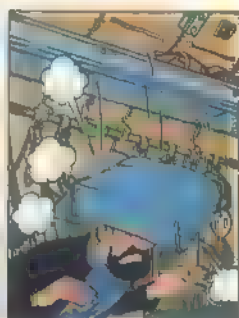
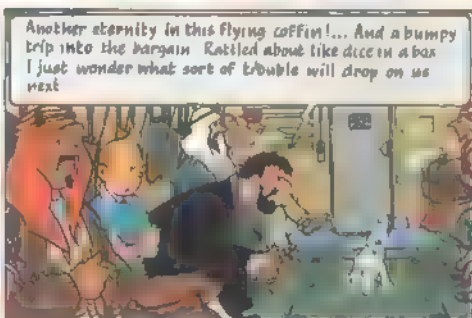
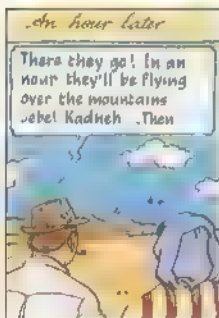


Passports please gentlemen

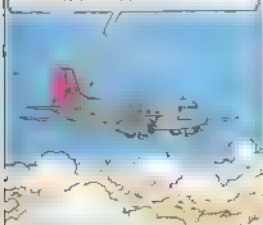


I am sorry, gentlemen: you have no permit to stay in Khemed. You must re-board the plane, and return to Beirut.





Golly! I can smell trouble
There's something sinister
going on here I must warn
Yintin at once



I'm wondering WHO warned
the authorities at Wadesdah
of our arrival, and WHO
persuaded them to deport
us?



Herrn. Snowy what's the matter?



Here, will you stop that!
You know, he... yes, he
wants to show me something
A right I follow you



In there? It's the luggage.
You want me to go in? All
right I'm coming



PH-E-E-E-T



PH-E-E-E-T

What's that ciren
for?



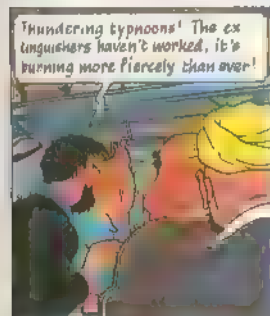
الخطر يقين



An engine on fire! That's the alarm
for the extinguishers!



Thundering typhoons! The ex-
tinguishers haven't worked, it's
burning more fiercely than ever!

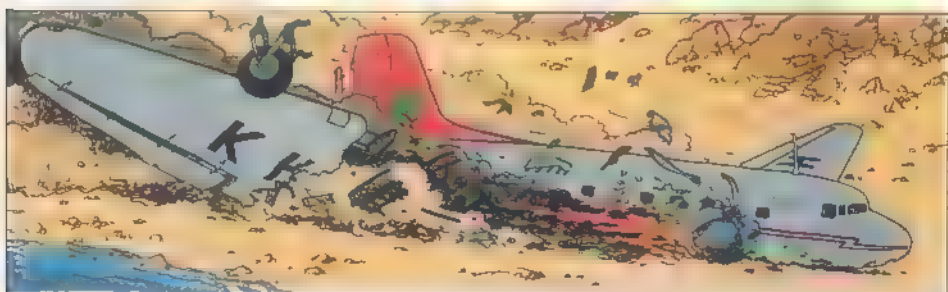
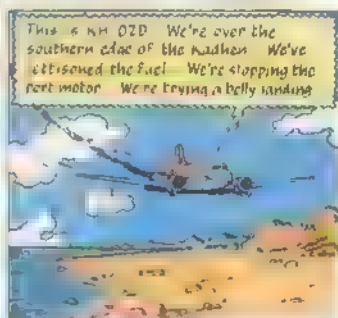
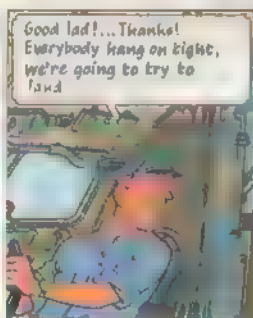
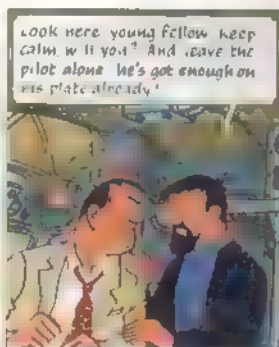
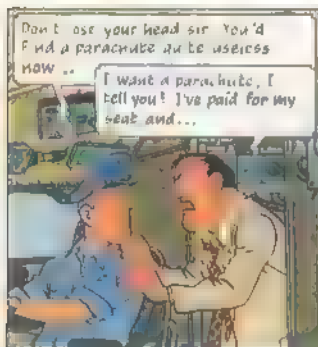


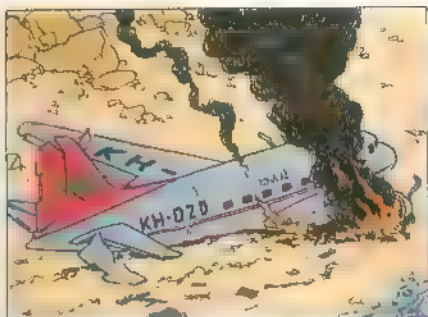
Wadesdah Tower, Wadesdah Tower This is KH-
020 Starboard motor on fire Extinguishers
unserviceable We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadesdah.



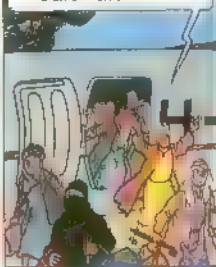
It's no good! It's too
heavy I shall just
have to







Allah be praised!...
We are safe



Whoa! That's it!
The fire is out

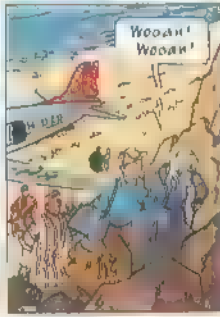


Don't stay here in the
open sun. We'd better
move into the shadow of
those rocks, while we
wait for a rescue party.

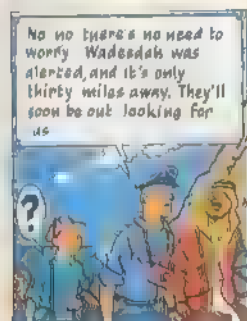


Come out of there,
Snowy! At once!

Woah!
Woah!



Woah!
Woah!



No no there's no need to
worry. Wadesdah was
alarmed, and it's only
thirty miles away. They'll
soon be out looking for
us



A few minutes later

I say, Captain, if we stay here
they'll take us back to Wadesdah,
and we'll be expelled once again.
Wait a minute, Snowy... It seems
to be about thirty miles to the
city. Suppose we make
ourselves scarce...

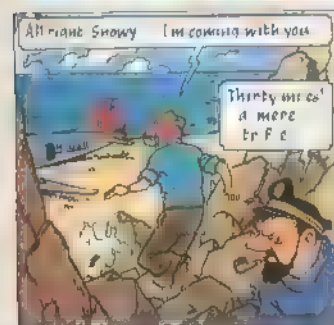
On foot?

Woah!
Woah!



Yes, on foot... I'm just going back to the
plane. Snowy's incorrigible! He absolutely
insists on showing me some thing

So you're
coming
at last!



All right Snowy. I'm coming with you

Thirty miles?
A mere
trifle



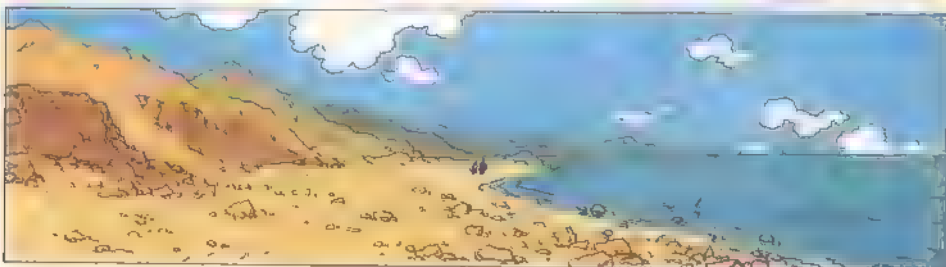
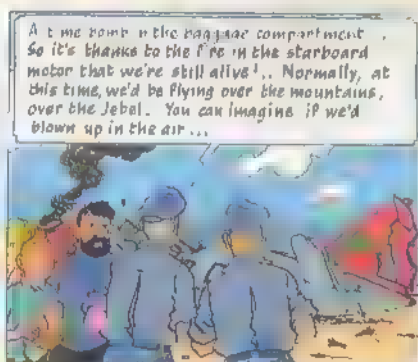
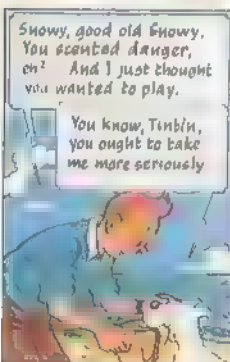
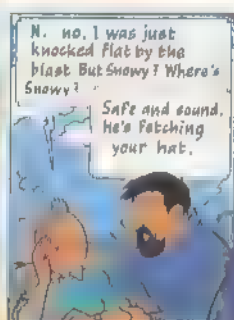
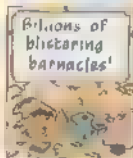
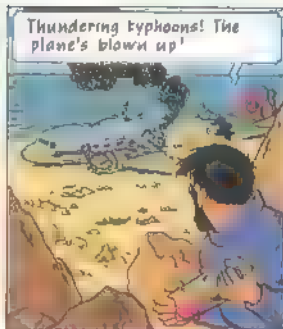
Thirty miles... And
I've still got... Let's
see... I've still
got

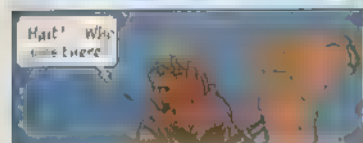
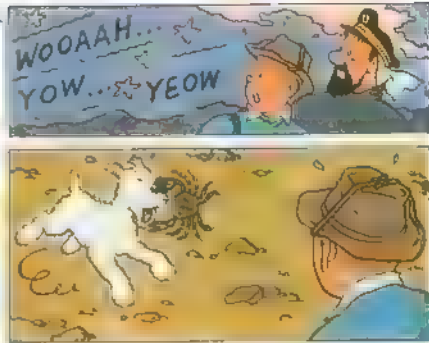


... half a bottle
of whisky... that's
240 miles to the
gallon... Not too
good, but still.



BOOM





I always keep a small flask of rum for emergencies. Now's the time to use it.

This confounded cork won't come out...

Ah. That's it!

POP

POP =  = WHISKY

Aaah. Now then, where are those sprouts?... I mean scouts...? I'd better like a word or two w-w-with them!

Sh! Be quiet! We must act on.

Early next day

Wadesiah at last! Now we must be careful. The main gates will be watched, but I know a small gateway and that'll be unguarded.

Stop!
That's enough!

There you see. We got in unmolested. Now we must find Senhor Oliveira de Figueira. I'm sure his house is near here.

Yes that's it. I remember.

You did say he always has a bottle of wine handy?

Senhor Oliveira!
Senhor Oliveira!...

The joke's on us if he's moved.

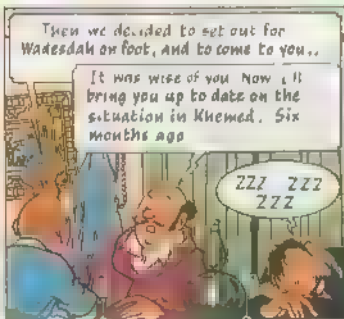
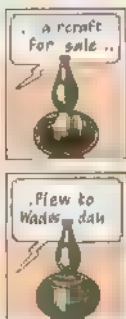
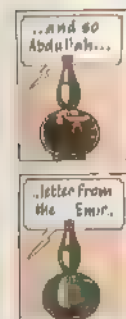
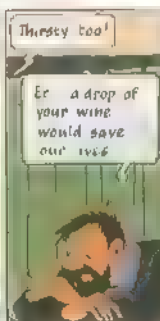
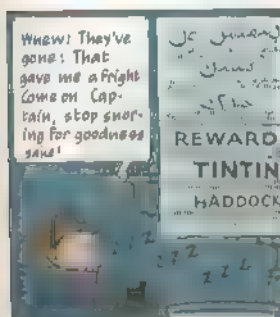
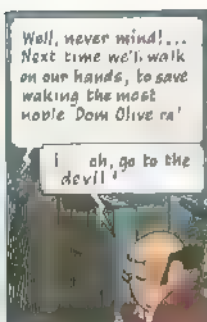
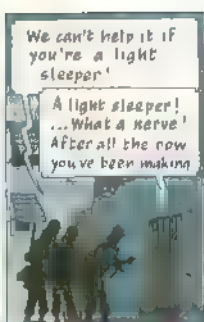
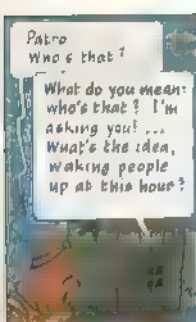
Senhor Oliveira! ...
Senhor Oliveira!
Open the door! It's Tintin!

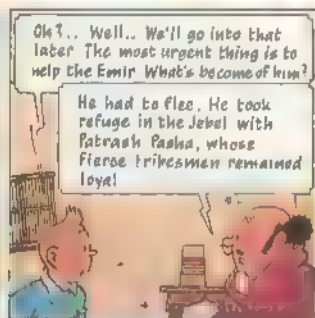
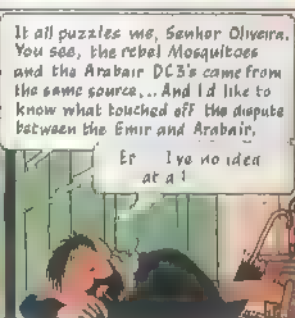
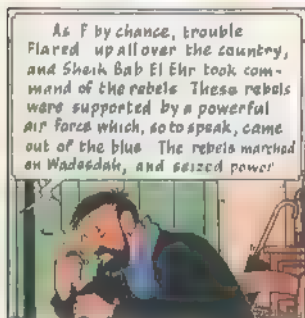
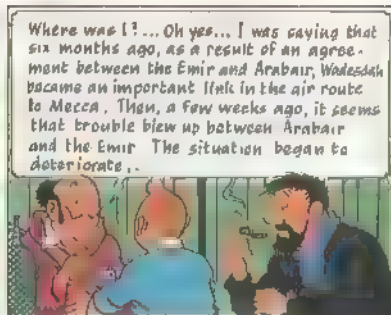
?

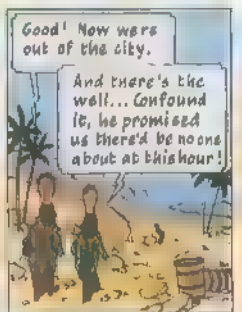
Blistering barnacles! A patrol!

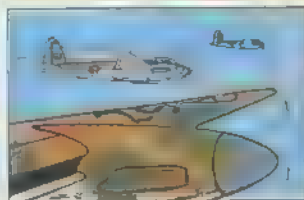
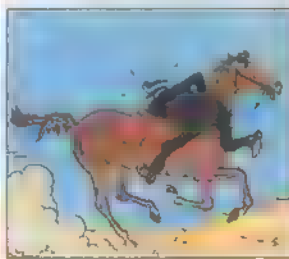
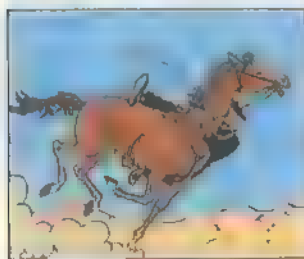
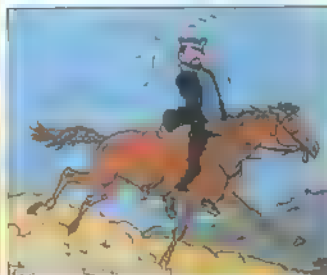
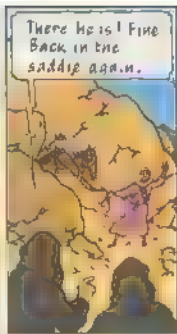
Quick, we must find some-
where to hide!

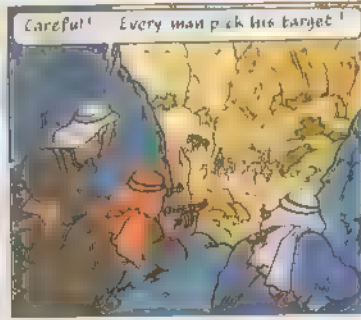
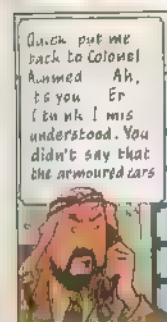
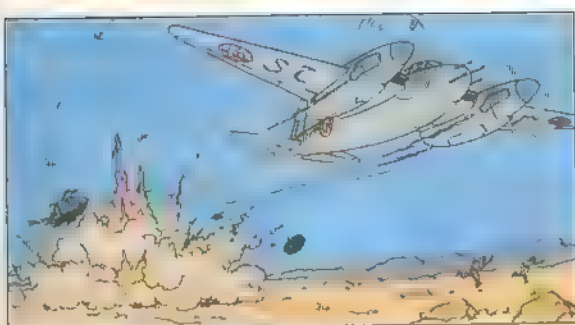
Who's that?

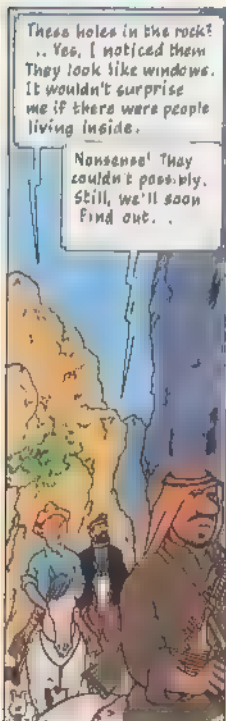
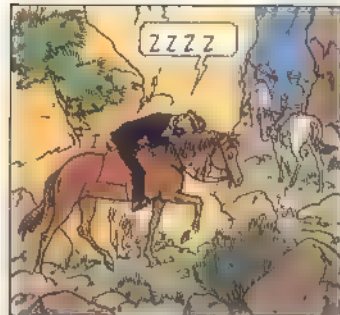


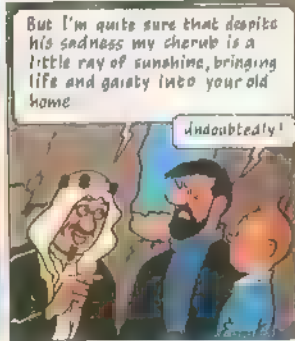
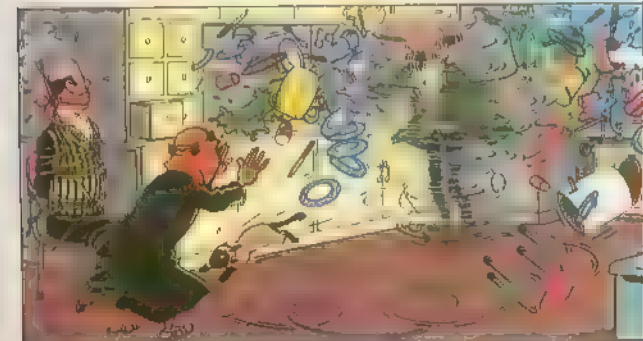
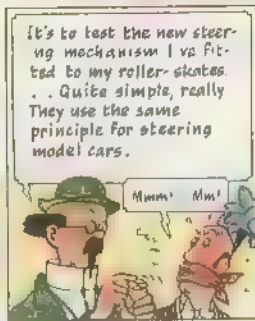
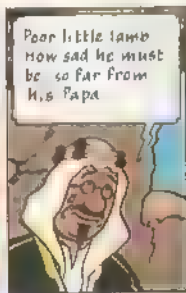




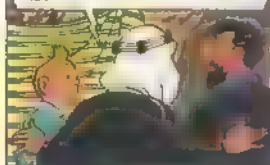








And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you



Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs! ... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca.



One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah

Loop the loop! ? But Highness.



Nothing simpler, don't you agree? ... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure! ... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugar-plum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse ..

But Highness

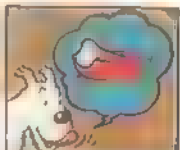


Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading

WHAT?



GRRR



Slave trading, no less.. Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca

Yes, go on



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why? .. Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves

But that's Frightful!



Er Yes.. But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ekr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that s...my serpent that



GRAOW

By Allah! Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Ayeshah!

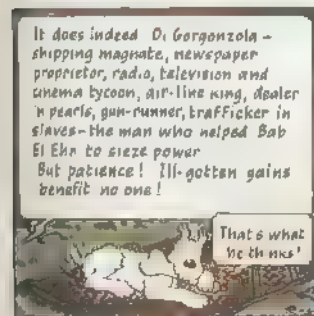
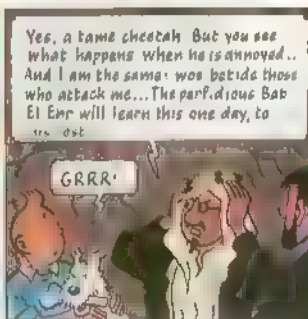
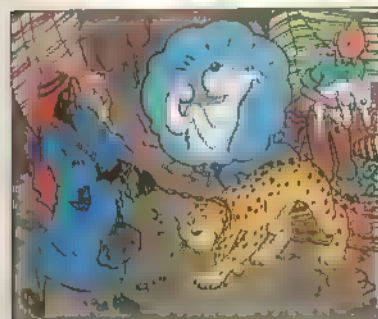
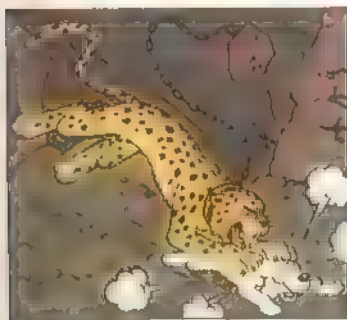
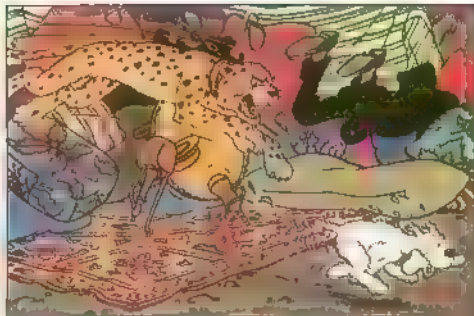


GRRRAOW



GRAOW





To Mecca? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.

Aha! This will please Bab El Ehr.

GRAOW!

Again? What has happened now?

It is Ben Yusef, O Master. Ayssha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well. It seems that he trod on Ayssha's tail.

Oh, poor creature.

Three days later

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.

Two days have passed.

Here we are... You may dismount. But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.

He's signalling to us. We can go.

Ah, so that's the tub we're going to board. It's a dhow... No, I beg your pardon: a sambuk.

Look, they have just put a boat out.

Danger! Danger! A mounted patrol!

By the beard of the Prophet, something weird is going on over there.

Ha! Who goes there?

By Allah! They have stumbled on a patrol!

Ha' ha' ha! Soldiers? Them!
Don't make me laugh!
One shot into the air and
they bolted like rabbits!

At dawn

Ha' ha!
na ha!

Ha' ha' ha! I was thinking
of those twopenny half-
penny coastguards gallop-
ping headlong! Anyone'd
think they were trying to
break the sound barrier!

In fortunate y they I have
made a report. In which case

What a pessimist you are. What
are you afraid of?... That
they'll send a squadron of
battleships after us?

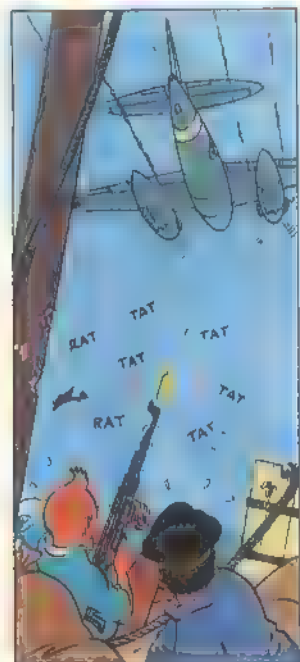
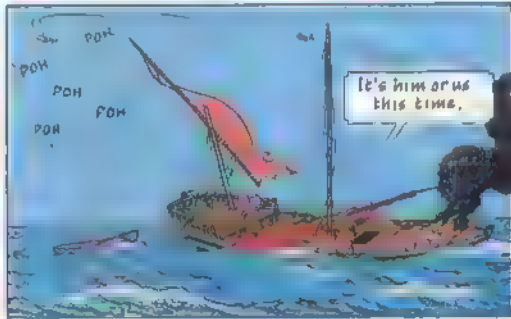
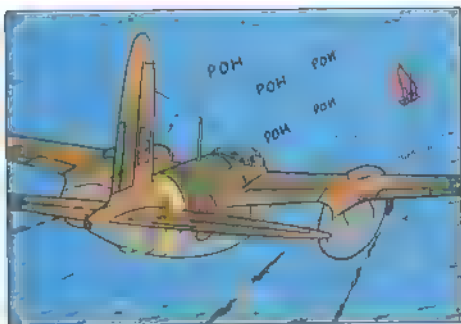
Not that, certainly. But...

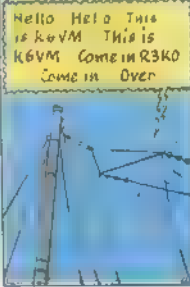
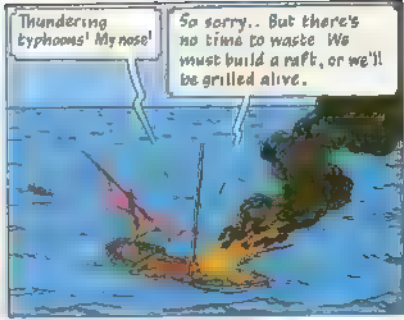
But
what?

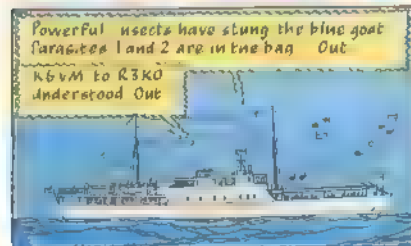
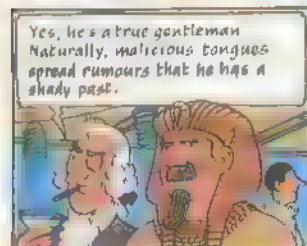
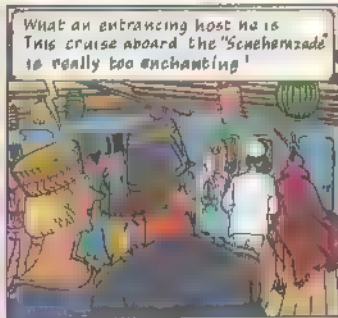
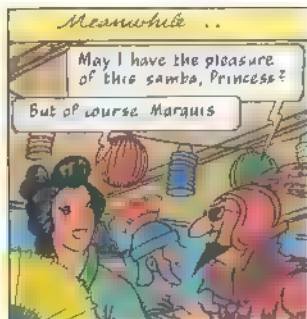
Over there, Captain. That's
just what I feared!

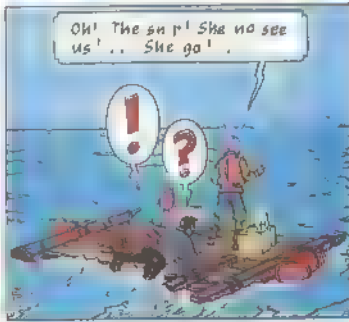
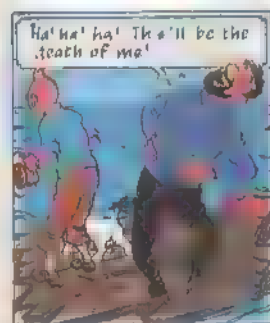
Thundering typhoons. Mosquitoes.

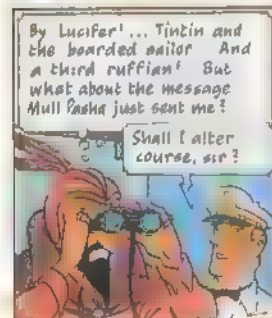
They're coming back!...
This is going to be hot!
.. Everybody down!









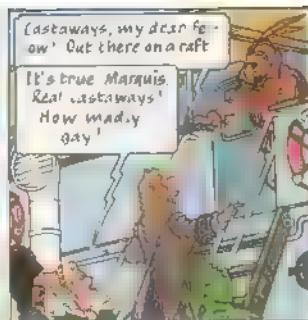




Marquis! Yoo-hoo Marquis!

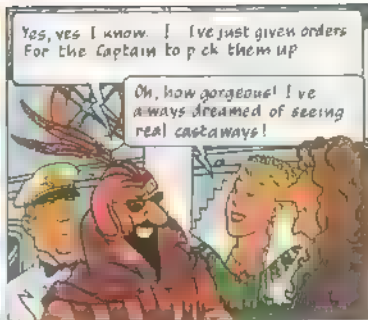
Marquis where are you?

Here! What is it?



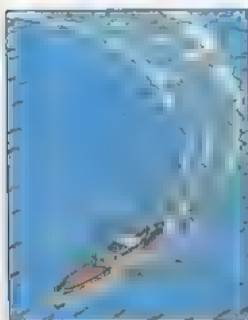
Castaways, my dear fellows! Out there on a raft!

It's true Marquis! Real castaways! How madly gay!



Yes, yes I know. I've just given orders for the Captain to pick them up!

Oh, how gorgeous! I've always dreamed of seeing real castaways!



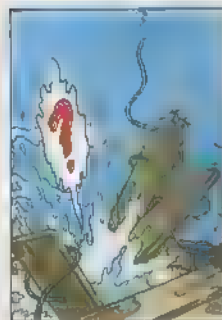
They're going about...

Saved!

They've seen us at last!



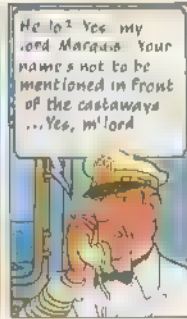
Saved!... Oh, what a beautiful morning!



That does it! Now this really is the Raft of the Medusa!



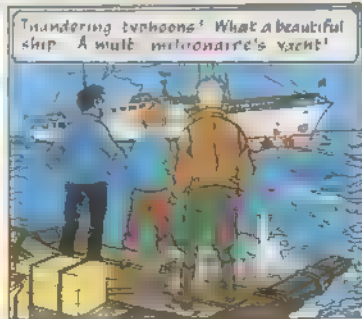
By Lucifer! What's to be done? They mustn't see me!



He lo! Yes my lord Marquis! Your name's not to be mentioned in front of the castaways... Yes, my lord!



In addition, I want you to remove these men at once! My guests are too inquisitive and must have no contact with them!



Thundering typhoons! What a beautiful ship! A multi-millionaire's yacht!



And those fools think their troubles are over! Ha! ha! ha! That's a good joke!

Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost... A fancy-dress ball... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobs.



Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock



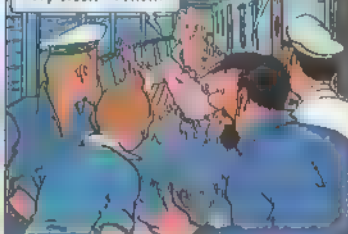
I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



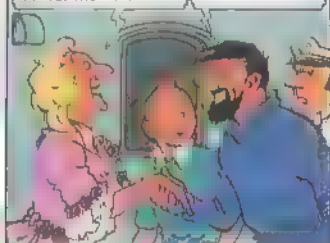
In the name of the Marguis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Castafiore! Run for it! What shall we do? Hop back on the raft? My dear Tintin!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Paddock...er... Harrock.



'n ro! Signora Castafiore! Harrock'n-roll!

I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then... there's the risk of infection you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later

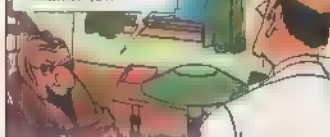
Well Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...



..This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

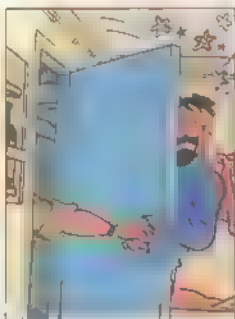
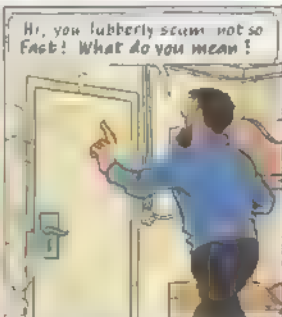
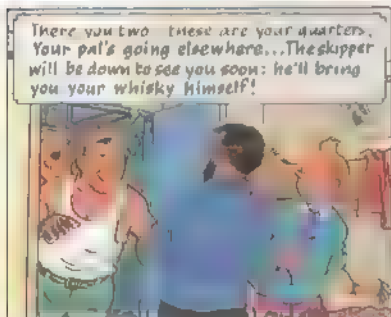
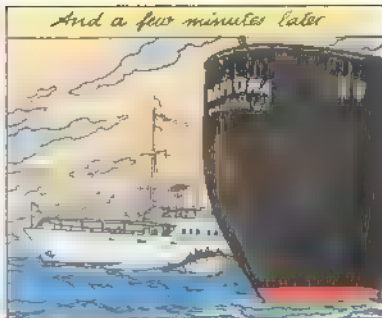
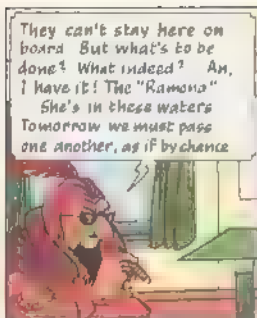
Diavolo!

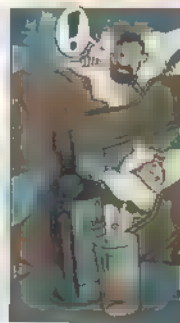
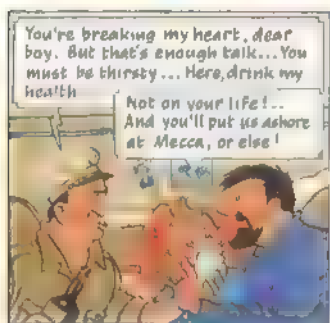


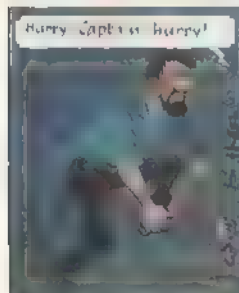
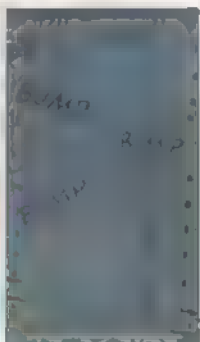
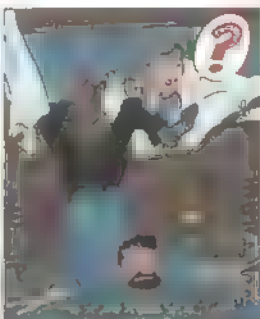
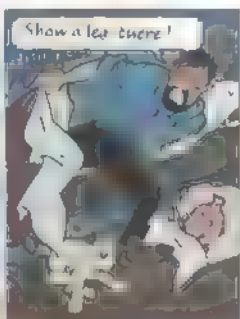
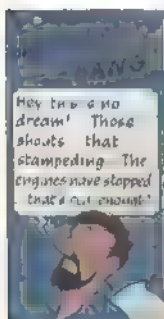
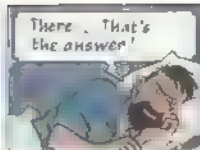
The Marguis di Gorgonzola's yacht! It's fantastic. I must be dreaming.

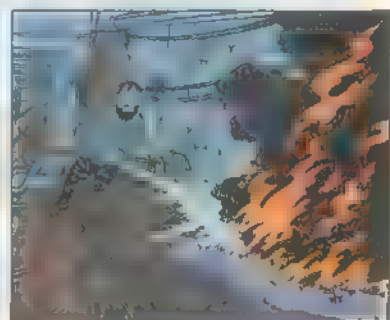
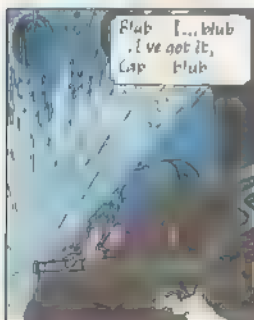
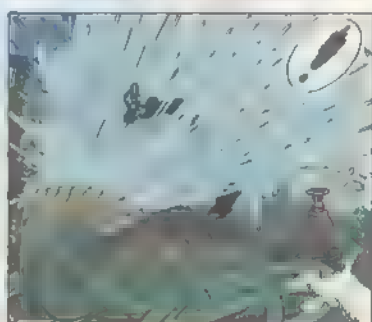
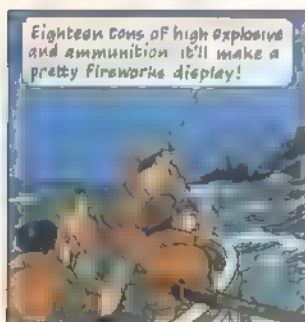
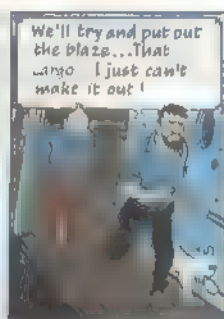
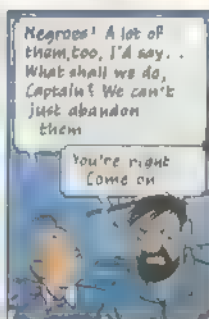
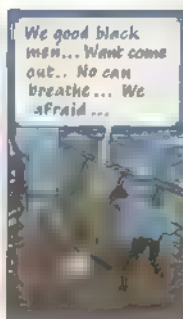
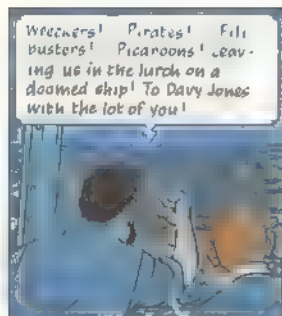
Come on, Tintin! Up in the clouds again? Hey Tintin!

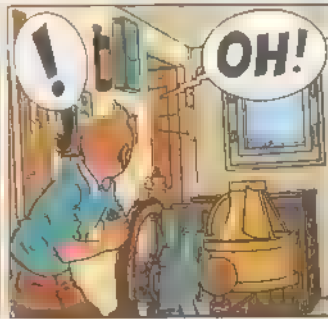
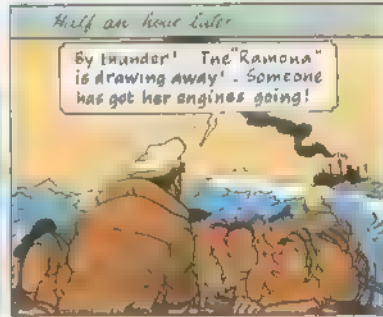
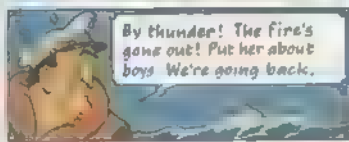
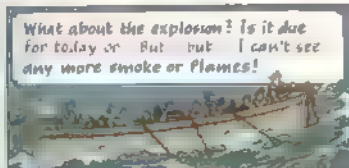
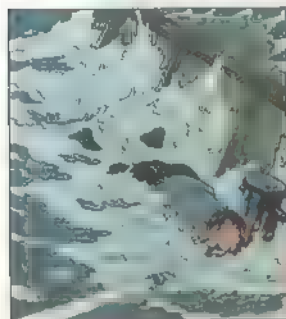
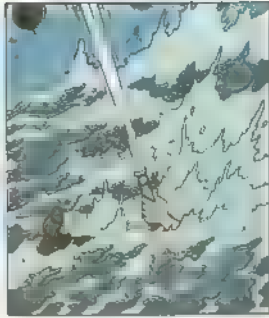
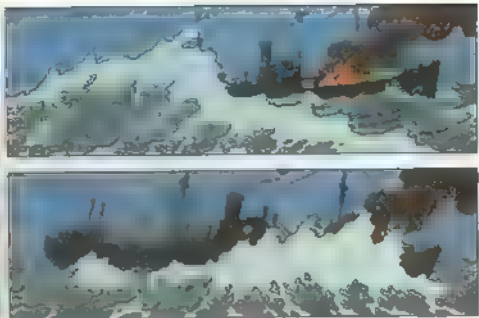
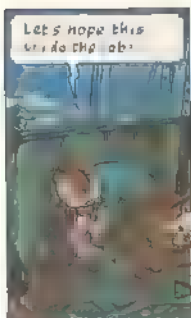


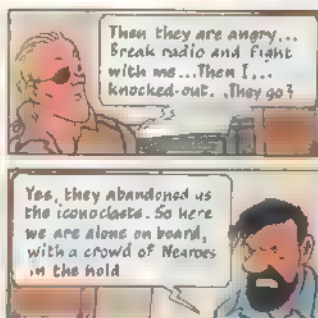
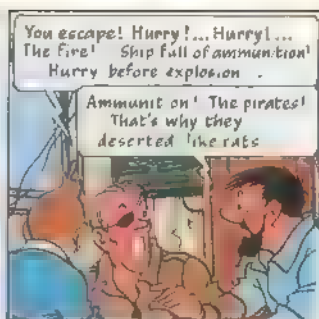


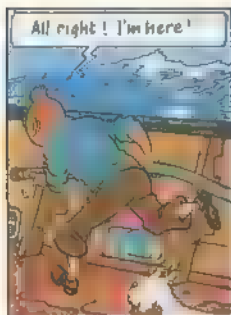










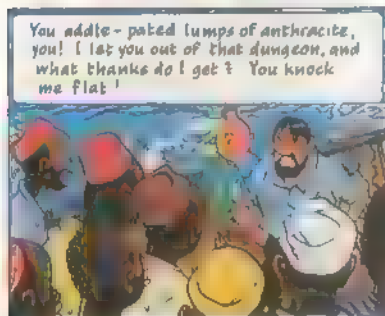


All right! I'm here!



So sorry, Captain, but I had no choice.

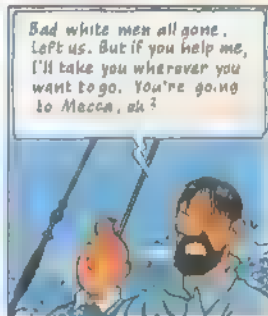
Please don't worry I'm getting used to it!



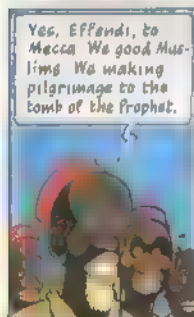
You addle-pated lumps of anthracite, you! I let you out of that dungeon, and what thanks do I get? You knock me flat!



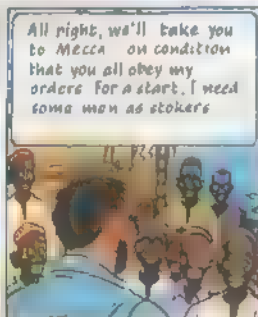
Effendi not be angry You not shout... We not know you good white man... We think you bad white man who shut poor black man in bottom of ship... Where are bad white man?



Bad white men all gone. Left us. But if you help me, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You're going to Mecca, eh?



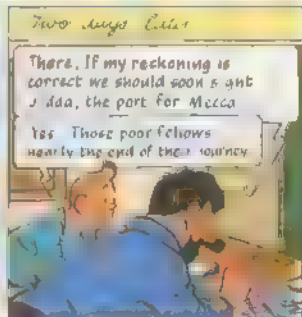
Yes, Effendi, to Mecca. We good Muslims. We making pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet.



All right, we'll take you to Mecca on condition that you all obey my orders. For a start, I need some men as stokers.



Me. Effendi.
Me.
Yes.
Me, Effendi.



Two days later

There, if my reckoning is correct we should soon sight Sudda, the port for Mecca. Yes. Those poor fellows nearly the end of their journey.

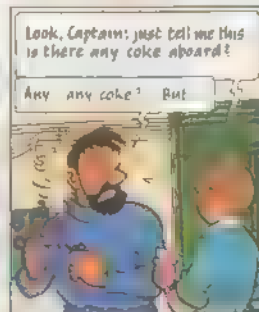


Poor fellows! , poor fellows! ... You don't still believe they were being sold as slaves? ... It's absurd.

If the Emir was telling the truth, then I'm afraid that was to be their fate.

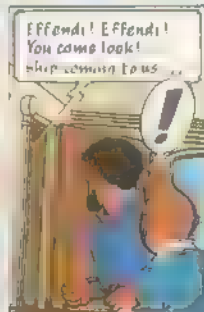


Come, come, you've been reading too many thrillers... There's no slave-trading nowadays!

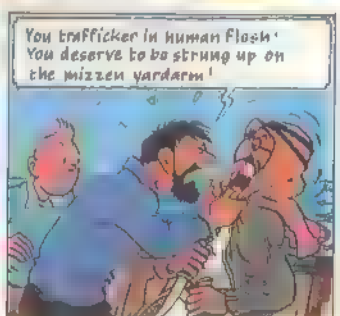
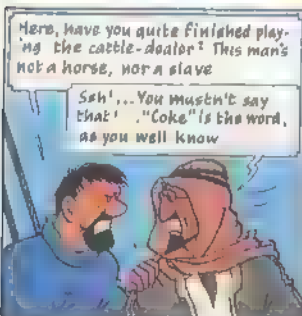
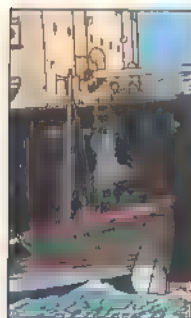
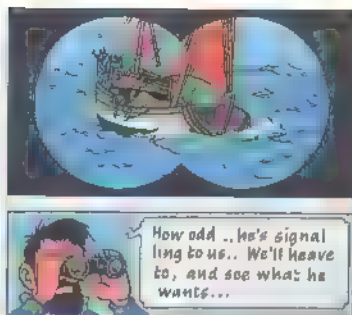


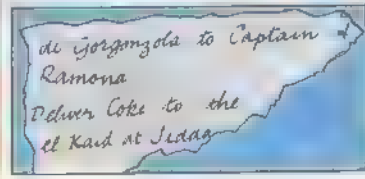
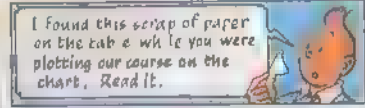
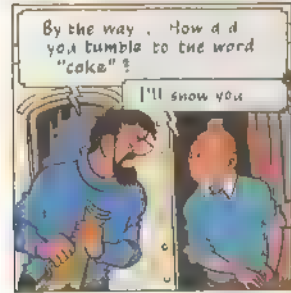
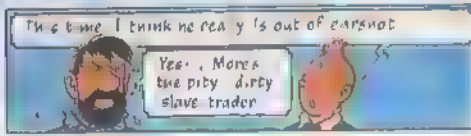
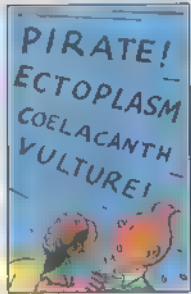
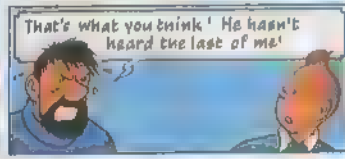
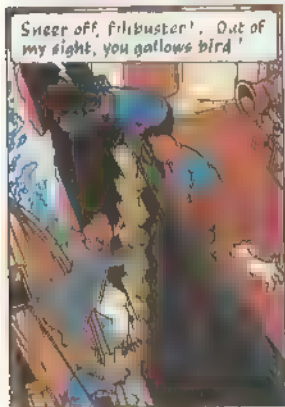
Look, Captain; just tell me this: is there any coke aboard?

Any, any coke? But...



Effendi! Effendi! You come look! Ship coming to us.





A Fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Al-an.
And "come" is a code word for the "carao of slaves"... The pirates



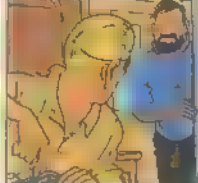
First we must talk to the Africans. They must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed. Then we must try to send out a radio call.

Getting on, Skur?

Still much work, Captain.



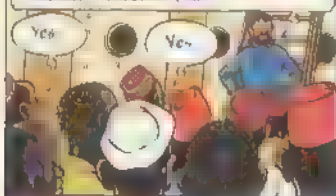
Good. We'll be going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

Ok.



A few minutes later...

My friends listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?



Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

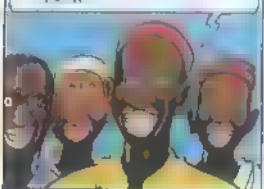
Yes.



I afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off? He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves!... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



Naturally I realise that. But I repeat: if you go there you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of blue blistering bar nacies. I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

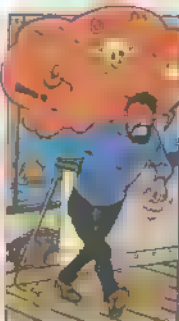
You not shout, Effendi! Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.



All right, you dunderheads go to Mecca! But you'll stay there for ever! You'll never see your own country again! Never see your families again! You'll be slaves for ever. That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!

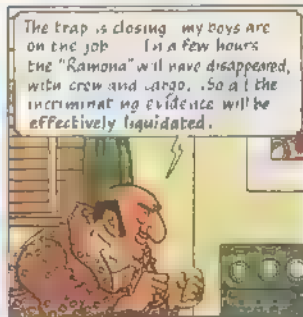
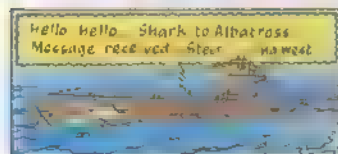
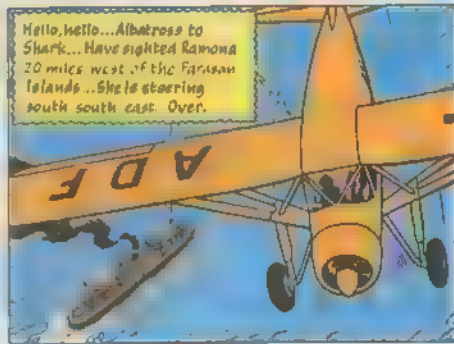
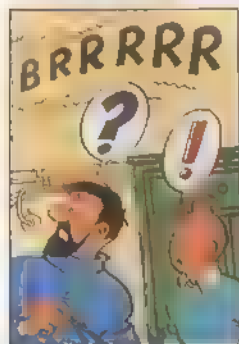
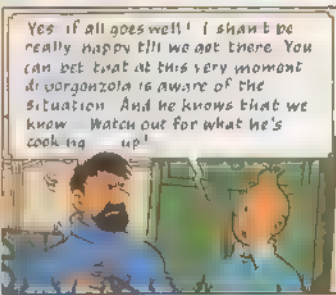
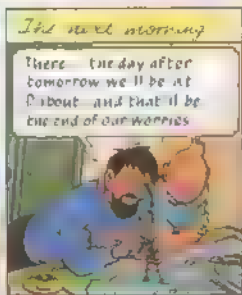
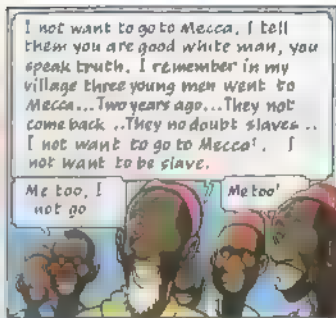


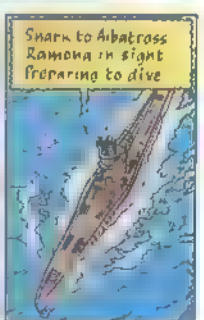
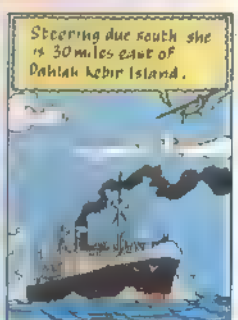
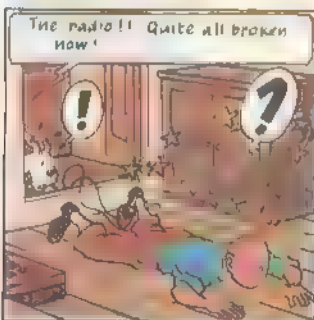
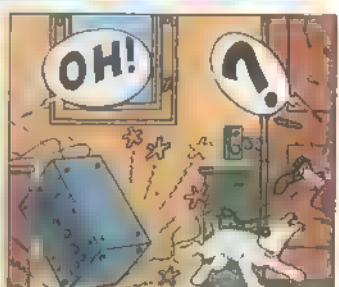
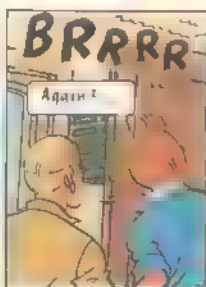
We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.

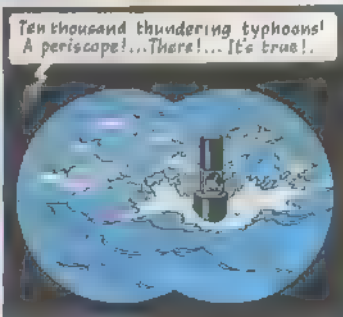
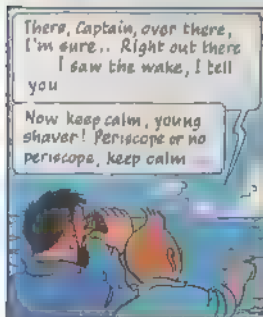
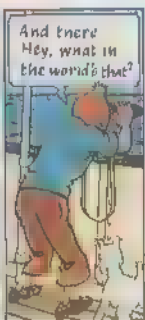
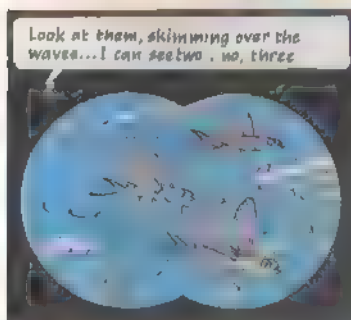
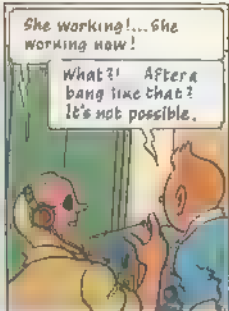


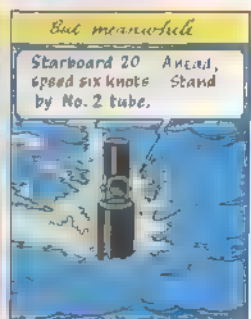
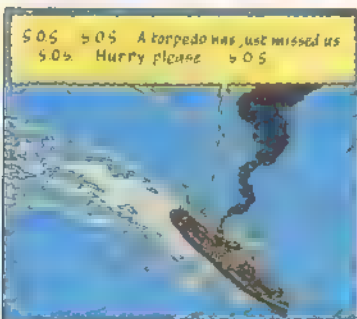
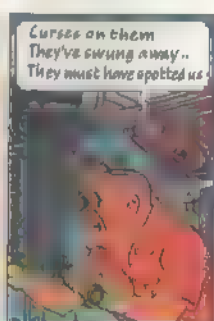
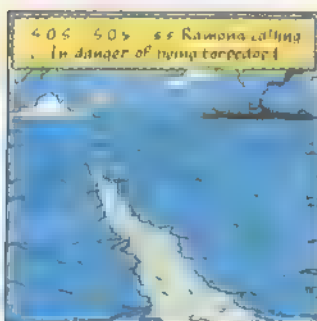
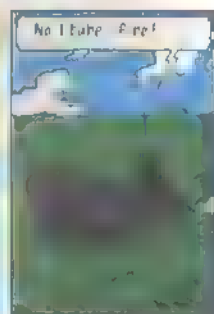
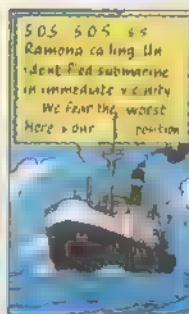
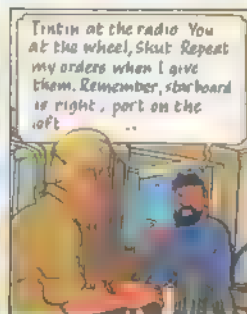
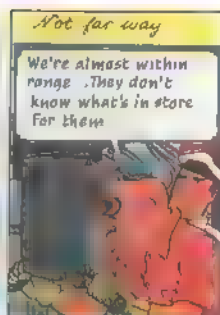
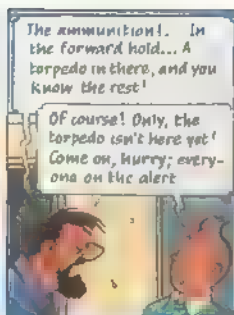
I can't do anything! I've tried the lot! You can't see them, they want to go to Mecca, stop that's all! It's like banging your head against a brick wall!







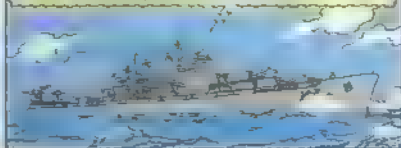




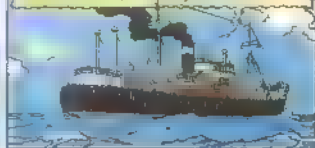
Hooray Someone's
heard our call!



USS Los Angeles to s.s. Ramona Your SOS
received We are coming to your assistance
We'll be with you in three hours



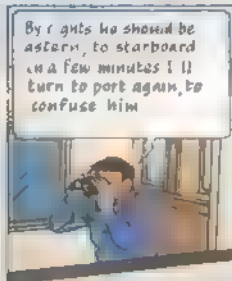
We've managed to miss the first
torpedo but we'll probably be done
for before you get here



There they are ahead to port
This time they won't escape us



By rights he should be
astern, to starboard
in a few minutes I'll
turn to port again, to
confuse him



Port sport 30°
I mean star port
30°

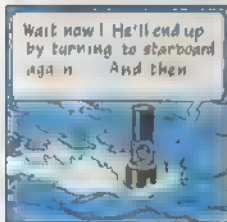
Port 30°
it is



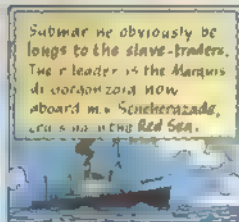
By the powers of
Gatan! They've
dodged us again!



Wait now! He'll end up
by turning to starboard
again And then

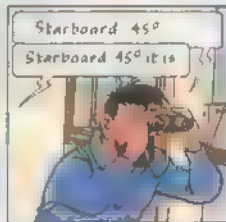


Submarine obviously be-
longs to the slave-traders.
The leader is the Marquis
de Gordonzoid now
aboard m.v. Scheherazade,
and is in the Red Sea.

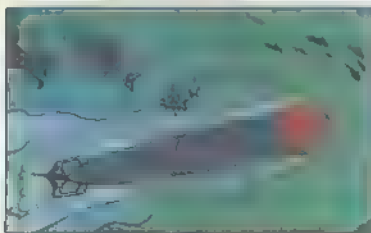
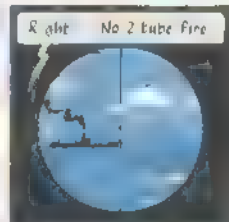


Starboard 45°

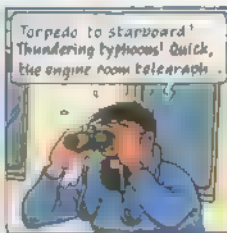
Starboard 45° it is



Right No 2 tube fire



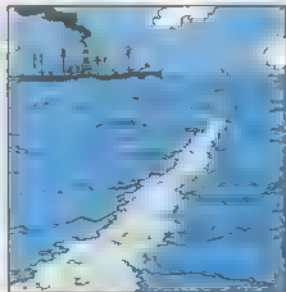
Torpedo to starboard!
Thundering typhoons! Quick,
the engine room telegraph



Bistering barnacles Full speed ahead!



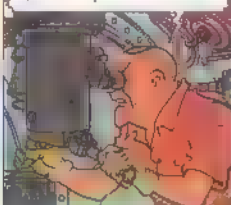
Billions of blue bistering barnacles



Thunder ng typhoons The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



By Lucifer! They're going astern! Our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys



Hooray! It's passed ahead of us



Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



S.O.S. A second torpedo has not missed Harry Los Angeles



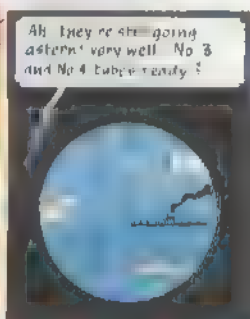
PCHRRAPRYT TRRANKRAA! You confounded rattletrap



Ein can contract on! Take that



YEEOWW!



Ah! They're ~~the~~ going astern! very well No 3 and No 4 tubes ready!



CLING CLANG

Take that, you s.o.t machine, you!

?



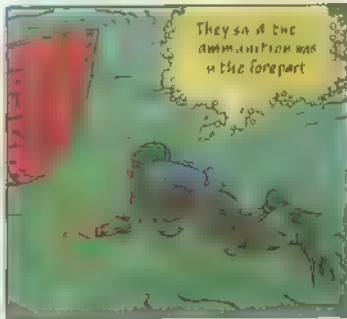
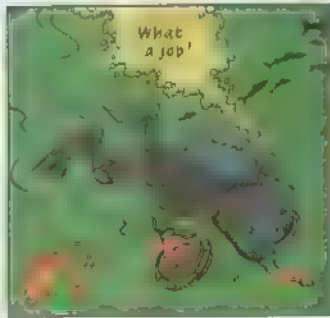
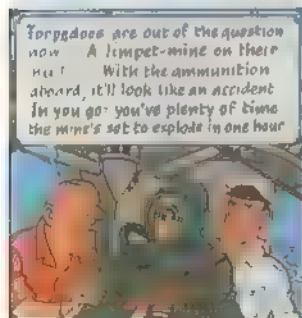
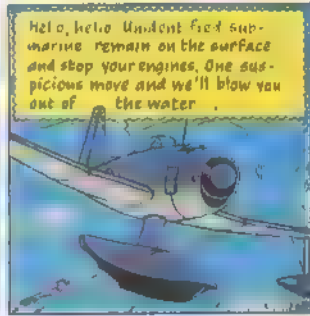
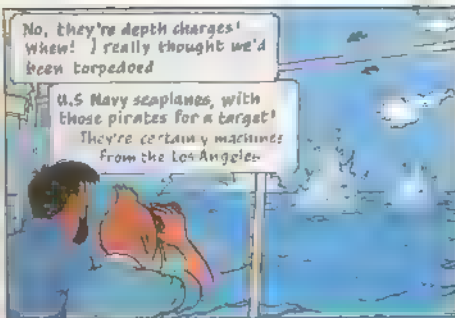
Heilo? Engine room? He-o?

Heilo EPPendi?



BRAOW

Too late! They've got us!



Meanwhile

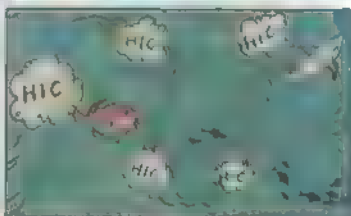
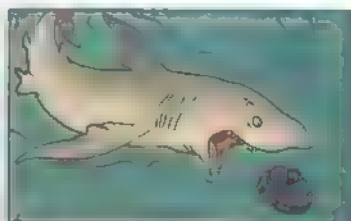
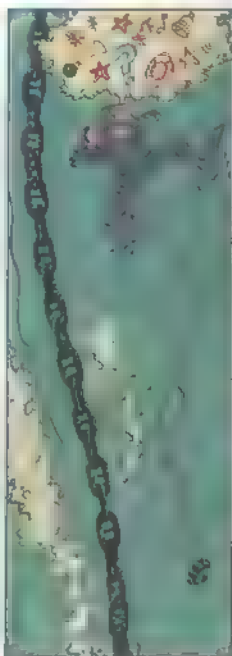
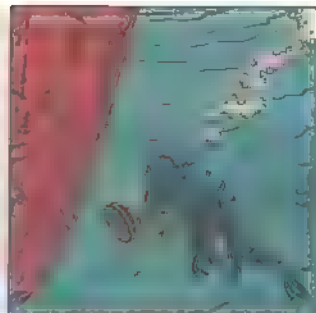
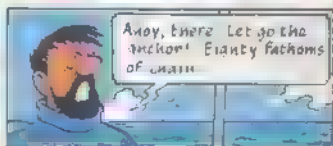
This is all very fine but we must wait for the Los Angeles I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor



Twenty-two fathoms depth that's perfect

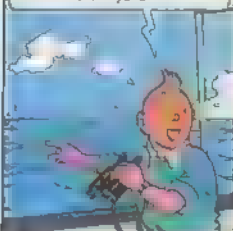


Aw, there! Let go the anchor! Fifty fathoms of chain



One hour later

Hooray!... There she is!... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser in sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?



... and naval craft to intercept the *ms. Scherazade* and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...



Lost... all is lost!
... But it's impossible!



Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



The cruiser *Los Angeles*, my lord Marquise... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.



All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!



Ah, they've obeyed... excellent!... But what are they doing now?

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



Do not insist, my friends, I will go alone.



... And he's steering towards us! ... Well, this beats everything! ... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen!... Ha! ha! ha!







Great snakes! It's Professor Calculus! ... What's he invented this time?!



Hello there, Professor! That's certainly a funny way to welcome people!

So there you are! Welcome back to Martinspike.



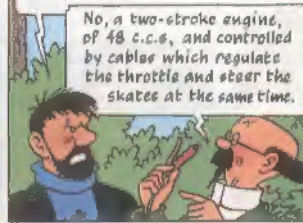
What on earth are those contraptions?

Ingenious, aren't they?

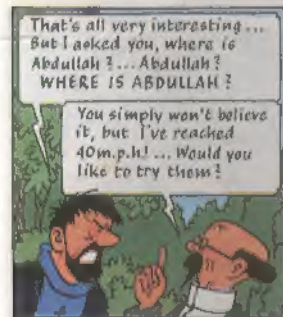
Motor-roller-skates. For a long time I've been trying to find an answer to the traffic problem ... I was thinking of a flexible, handy, lightweight machine



Fine! ... And they'll have to install traffic lights on the pavements with your confounded roller-coasters! ... But where is Abdullah?

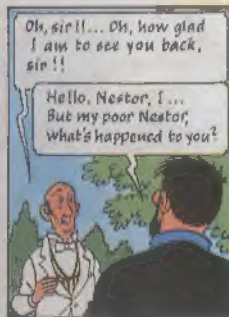


No, a two-stroke engine, of 48 c.c.s., and controlled by cables which regulate the throttle and steer the skates at the same time.



That's all very interesting ... But I asked you, where is Abdullah? ... Abdullah? WHERE IS ABDULLAH?

You simply won't believe it, but I've reached 40m.p.h! ... Would you like to try them?



Oh, sir!! ... Oh, how glad I am to see you back, sir!!

Hello, Nestor, I ... But my poor Nestor, what's happened to you?



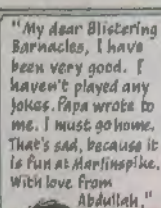
I ... I fear that Master Abdullah's visit was not very good for me ... But things are better now ... He and his retinue departed yesterday. He left a note for you.



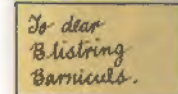
Poor Nestor! ... A real demon, that boy. Let's see what he's written to us.



Can't he use my proper name?



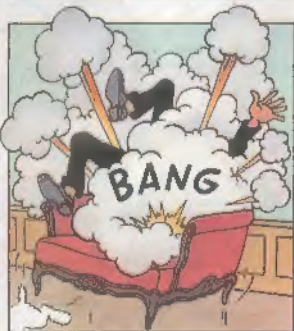
"My Dear Blistering Barnacles, I have been very good. I haven't played any jokes. Papa wrote to me. I must go home. That's sad, because it is fun at Martinspike. With love from Abdullah."



To dear Blistering Barnacles.



Very sweet, eh? ... Nestor's just been fussing about a little innocent child's mischief.



BANG

Who?... Jollyon Wagg?...
Oh, no, no!... I want some
peace!... Peace!